

Join the M. A. M. T. P. C.
Live Long, Be Well
No Dues, Cheap Regalia
Also, Perhaps, Prizes

By ARTHUR BRISBANE
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Men from fifty to eighty, do you want to live longer, more usefully, with better health, greater comfort, and render a public service at the same time? If so, organize in your neighborhood a branch of the M. A. M. and T. P. C.

That means the "Middle-Aged Mowers and Tree Planters' Club." The motto of the club is "Usefulness and health—no nonsense."

The necessary regalia for complete membership is one brush hook, one scythe, one pickaxe, one good shovel.

Any costume will do, the plainer the better—overalls and straw hat preferred.

There are no dues; the club is 100 per cent public service.

You need not travel miles and wait your turn at a golf club. Take your scythe and brush hook, go along the public road near by, or, if you live in town, motor out to the nearest agricultural region, park your car, and along the roadside, outside and off of private property, cut down weeds and useless, worthless bushes.

You mow the weeds with your scythe, cut down the bushes with the brush hook. An upward jerk of the hook does the work. If you don't understand a scythe, go slowly and cautiously. Learn to cut a wide swath, swinging the body from side to side with the hips as a pivot. Keep the butt end of the blade on the ground as you swing it, and the point upward. Beginners are apt to dig the point into the ground and bend a few blades at first.

While you are learning, you'd better use the brush hook for mowing also. Change to the scythe when you get the swing. The hook is not ruined as easily as the scythe.

Cutting down weeds along the road will cause farmers to bless you. Cutting them in summer prevents the seeds ripening and blowing over the farmer's land to plague him next year.

If the weeds are very thick, poor people will gather them for bedding in their stables, and they also will thank you.

If very public spirited, you can buy a few pounds of mixed clover and timothy and scatter it over the ground where you cut down the weeds. The next year you may resume your activity there and cut down real grass, leaving it for those that need it to gather up and take home.

In the fall, when the weeds have been cut down or gone to seed, start your tree-planting career. The agricultural department nearest to you, State or the national Agricultural Department, will supply free information about planting trees and where to buy them.

Plant preferably fruit trees. In the beginning the public would take the fruit green and break the branches. But if there were, as there ought to be, a hundred thousand miles of public roads in the United States lined with fruit trees, the public would respect the trees and the planters.

When you have found how a tree should be planted and have selected your trees, put a little bunch of them in your car or on your back and set forth to your planting work.

A bunch of fruit or shade trees carried on your back is at least as respectable as a bunch of golf clubs, and not as heavy. After you have planted the trees, take care of them. And now the answer to the American question, "Where do I come in?"

You come in as follows: The best exercise in the world, with one single exception, is mowing. Mowing, mowing slowly, does not tire the heart. Swinging back and forth, bent over, he exercises the abdominal muscles, puts life into the intestinal tract, which gets sluggish and poisons you as you get old. Exercising the muscles that stretch across the front of the body eats away the fat that piles up there, making old age slow, ridiculous, ugly.

By mowing, you get thirsty. Drink water, with fruit juice—lemon, orange, or something else mixed—and drink plenty of it. Avoid drinking too much pure water. If you have no fruit juice, mix a little oatmeal with the water.

The drinking of the water and the perspiring will clean your system, make you a better man, improve your thinking, lengthen your life.

Exercise that is even better than mowing, and ten thousand times better than golf or mere walking, is digging holes in the ground. We were put here to cultivate the earth, to dig in it, beautify it, make it productive. Loosening the ground with a pickaxe, throwing out the earth with a shovel, strengthens all the muscles and the backbone. Nature rewards

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Fair tonight and Tuesday; warmer Tuesday; fresh northwest winds becoming variable.

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WASHINGTON, MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28, 1922.

MAIN 5200
CALLS THE TIMES

THREE CENTS EVERYWHERE

GIRL SOUGHT IN SLAYING OF BERGEN

Collins' Funeral Nearly Marred By Battle

45 TRAPPED IN BLAZING MINE

ATTEMPTS AT RESCUE BLOCKED

Victims Caught 4,500 Feet Below Surface in California Shaft.

By International News Service.
JACKSON, Cal., Aug. 28.—Forty-five miners are trapped 4,500 feet below the surface of the earth in the Argonaut gold mine, where a terrific blaze is burning at the 3,000-foot level.

Little hope is held out for the safety of the trapped miners. Three men came through the flames to safety, but the fire has cut off the others beyond hope of early rescue.

Days May Intervene.
The fire was discovered shortly after midnight, when Clarence Bradshaw and two other miners left their companions on the 4,500-foot level and started for the surface. When they reached the 3,000-foot level, they found it blazing. They made a mad dash through the flames and arrived safely at the surface.

All available help from surrounding mines has been secured, but little can be done in the way of combating the flames, which may burn fiercely for days.

The one hope entertained of getting the trapped miners out alive is through the Kennedy mine, which runs parallel to the incline shaft of the Argonaut mine.

There is a bulkhead separating the two mines. This must be blown out, and no man knows how much debris will be encountered beyond the bulkhead. It might require days to tunnel through.

The entrapped miners may not live to be rescued in this fashion. In fact, experienced miners today held grave fears that they are already dead.

The Argonaut and the Kennedy mines are two of the largest and most valuable gold mines in the State of California.

Each mine turns out something like a million dollars worth of gold ore a year.

Mining men fear that even though the entrapped men are now alive, efforts to rescue them may cause their death. If the air currents in which the flames are raging blow the bulkhead of the Kennedy mine in all probability drive the deadly fume to the point where the men have sought safety.

Ill-fated History.
Both the Argonaut and Kennedy mines have been the scenes of bad blazes during the past year but in each instance there has been no loss of life, although heavy damage to the mines resulted.

The huge air pipes which supply the mine pass through the same shaft in which the flames are raging. There is only a chance that they have withstood the blazing inferno and are still carrying fresh air to the lower levels. The giant fans are still going in the hope that the air current is passing below to the men to whom it will be salvation.

The Red Cross is on the scene and a mine rescue crew is rushing here by automobile over mountain roads from Nevada City. They will assume charge of the measures being taken to effect rescue upon their arrival.

Gathered about the top of the shaft are the frantic members of the families of the forty-five entrapped men.

A stream of gas and smoke is pouring forth from the mine opening—a fairly good omen to the experienced miners, although terrifying to those who have loved ones below. It signifies that the greater part of the fumes are coming above instead of spreading below the earth.

The Argonaut mine is about two miles from town. It is one of the famous mines of Amador county, which lies between Eldorado and Calaveras counties and east of Sacramento county. It is in the heart of the county famous for its gold rush days.

The entire population of this little (Continued on Page 2, Column 2.)

Two Of Principals In 'Leased Hubby' Love Transaction



RODNEY KENDRICK, The Sought-After Hubby.



MRS. NELLIE KENDRICK, The Outraged Wife.

Mrs. Kendrick, twenty-four, wife of Rodney Kendrick, young newspaper artist, has sued for divorce and asked \$30,000 "stolen love" from Mrs. Edith Spreckels Wakefield, forty-three. She says Mrs. Edith Spreckels Wakefield offered to pay her \$100 a month and see that she and her fourteen-month-old child were well cared for if she would consent to a divorce that Kendrick might marry her.

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD FOR OLDEST OF MASON

RICHMOND, Va., Aug. 28.—Funeral services were held here today for the late Dr. John Childs Edwards, aged ninety-six, believed to have been the oldest Mason in America. He joined the order nearly seventy-five years ago in St. Charles county, Missouri. He was the oldest living graduate of the medical department of the University of Virginia, having graduated from that institution in 1853. He was a native of Virginia and is survived by one daughter here and a son, Dr. R. S. Edwards, of Boise City, Idaho. The body was sent to O'Fallon, Mo., for interment.

FOUR IN FAMILY DIE AS TRAIN HITS AUTO

TOLEDO, Ohio, Aug. 28.—Members of Guy Belcher's family were killed early today when a Baltimore and Ohio passenger train struck their automobile at Perrysburg crossing. Those killed were Belcher, his wife, daughter, and mother-in-law. Clara, the fifteen-year-old daughter who also accompanied them, was internally injured.

WRECKING NEW CLUE OF TRAINS IN BERGIN SLAYING

Ten Men Arrested in Chicago. Confession Credited to One Prisoner.

International News Service.
CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—Ten men were under arrest today, and one had made an amazing confession of death and destruction in the rail strike, according to Lieut. Michael Grady, "ace" of the detective bureau.

A number of those under arrest here were said to be "Red" students of the Lenin-Trotsky reign of terror in Russia.

According to the police, four of the men who were first arrested are implicated in the confession in "Express" of the Michigan Central railroad at Gary, Ind., a week ago.

A plot of the terrorists to bomb the shops and sleeping quarters of workers in the New York Central yards at Elkhart, Ind., and the wrecking of a New York flyer near this city, was told, following the confession. The wrecking and bombing were to have been carried out this week.

The arrests were made secretly. Two of the men were minor officials in the railroad shopworkers' union, it was said by police.

Neither local nor international officials of the union had knowledge of the plot which was fostered by a ring of half a dozen fanatics who spread the "red" doctrine among the workers.

The man who confessed is said to have given the name of Charles Husolis. He and the others were being held in the Gary police headquarters.

Taken to Scene of Wreck.
The arch conspirator, taken by detectives to the spot of the wreck near Gary, pointed out the exact spot where spikes were drawn from a rail.

"Did you try to wreck a passenger train to kill passengers?" he was asked.

"We didn't care," he declared in broken English. "Didn't make no difference, passenger or freight. We wanted to kill the fireman and engineer. If there were others, what's the difference? What did we care?"

"We wanted to make the rest of the train crews afraid to run trains."

"We wanted to blame it on bad equipment so we could win the strike."

Four of the men under arrest were formerly employed in shops of the New York Central. They chose the Michigan Central, they said, after tacit understanding with another ring of "Reds" in the Michigan Central shops whereby they were to wreck a train on the Michigan Central in return for which the others were to wreck a New York train.

"We didn't think they'd suspect us if we wrecked a train on another road," they said.

RICHMOND RECOVERING FROM HEAVY DOWNPOUR

RICHMOND, Aug. 28.—Richmond is today recovering from the effects of a cloudburst Saturday night, when the lower section of the city was flooded to a depth of four feet because of the inability of the sewers to carry off the flood.

The First Market was inundated and many thousands of dollars were lost by the incursion of the waters and the sweeping away of produce. Stores in that section suffered heavily, customers being compelled to get on the counters, the merchants working like beavers to get their goods on the high shelves. Three inches of rain fell in an hour and a half.

Blond Girl Who Visited Cline Home Sought as Key in Killing Mystery.

By International News Service.
NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—A mysterious girl, who is described as a beautiful young blonde and who is believed to have been in the home of George A. Cline at Edgewater, N. J., when John Bergen, handsome film actor, was shot and mortally wounded, was being sought by the police today.

A taxi driver told the Edgewater police he had driven the mysterious girl to the Cline home a short time before the tragedy. It was while the Edgewater authorities were investigating the movements of Cline and Bergen on Friday night that they unearthed the girl's clue.

It is believed now that all three—Cline, Bergen, and the girl, whose name is unknown—arrived at the Edgewater ferry station from New York city about the same time, but that they lived separately.

About Eighteen Years of Age.
Owen Langdon, a taxi-cab driver, whose stand is at the Edgewater ferry station, told the police he drove a girl to the Cline home answering the description of the mysterious blonde. He said she was about eighteen years old, dressed in a dark, summer frock.

The girl is believed to have left the Cline home in an automobile after the shooting.

Bergen, according to the police, was the last of the trio to leave the Edgewater ferry station on the night of the tragedy. He stopped in a nearby drug store and telephoned to the Cline home.

Langdon told the police that after he had returned to the ferry station from driving the girl to the Cline home, Bergen hailed him and gave directions to drive to the Cline cottage.

According to the version given to the police by Langdon, Bergen asked him to wait twenty minutes for him outside the Cline home. Langdon said that after waiting five or ten minutes, he heard a shot, and becoming frightened, drove away.

Reported Living Apart.
Police and detectives who visited the Cline cottage said that dust was lying thick upon the furniture and that there were other evidences that the place had not been occupied for some time.

Mrs. Cline was reported to have been living with her parents next door, while Cline himself was said to have been living in a hotel. The whereabouts of the two Cline children are unknown.

Hurling the lie at Cline, confessed slayer of Bergen, District Attorney Hart at Hackensack today declared: "It was a case of cold blooded murder—I shall have no difficulty in proving a first degree case."

Cline, who is in jail, asserts the tragedy in his home Friday was the result of a pistol duel in which Bergen had every chance to defend his life. He said he shot Bergen to defend his wife's honor.

That statement Mr. Hart characterizes as a "deliberate lie." He added:

Charges Death Plot.
"My inquiry of two days makes me certain that Bergen was summoned to the home of Mrs. Cline for the deliberate purpose of killing him."

"Cline's statements that he gave a revolver to Bergen to defend himself in a duel is not true. In my opinion, Bergen never had a revolver in his possession that night, and he never had a chance for his life after hearing his wife's story and what

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JOHN BERGEN.

"BILLY" HITT AGAIN WOOS WIFE WHO DIVORCED HIM

By MILDRED MORRIS, Cosmopolitan News Service.

Society breathlessly waits the next episode in the romantic life of the former Katherine Elkins, international beauty, who once broke the heart of a royal prince.

Tongues in the highest social circles have been wagging ever since news leaked out that the dashing Katherine, who furnished two continents a sensation by her romance with the Duc d'Abuzzi, cousin of the king of Italy and heir-prospect to the throne, was being wooed again and the man in the case was no other than her former husband, William F. R. Hitt, known best as plain "Billy."

Divorce Was Sensation.
Now the all-engrossing topic is whether wedding bells will ring again for Katherine and Billy.

The divorce of the young couple—the decree was quietly secured in Paris by Katherine—was a sensation second only to the American girl's reported betrothal to Italy's royal duke and her subsequent marriage to young "Billy," the sweetheart of her pinafore days.

According to gossip, "Billy's" mother, widow of former Congressman Robert R. Hitt of Illinois, vigorously opposes a reconciliation.

The odds in the betting are all on Katherine in the contest with mother, and close friends predicting it will go before the beautiful Katherine and "Billy" again try to hit it off under double harness.

Case of Mad Love.
The American girl, who had all Europe talking about her while the handsome son of Italy's royal family ardently wooed her on two continents, is still as beautiful and sparkling as in her debutante days when she quipped it in Washington even over "Princess" Alice Roosevelt, then reigning in the White House, and the Duke of the House of Abruzzi fell at her feet in worship.

It was a case of mad love the moment the duke, an explorer with a record of daring and bravery and as thrilling as any moving picture hero, beheld the American girl at a dance in Washington. He went back to Italy, only to return to press his suit, incognito.

Italy's royal family objected to the match, but so did Katherine's father, the late United States Senator Stephen B. Elkins, who was Secretary of War in Harrison's Administration.

While two continents discussed the romantic love affair, young "Billy" Hitt, the ever-faithful lover, stood in the background, neglected. The Elkins and Hitt families were close both socially and politically.

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Actor Who Was Killed By Film Director

Shot Dead After He Admitted Wronging Movie Man's Wife.



Bergen, young movie actor, was summoned by George Cline, film director, to the latter's home and was accused of wronging Mrs. Cline. Bergen admitted it and was then challenged to a pistol duel. During a sudden scuffle, Cline says, a gun was discharged and Bergen killed.

FIANCEE OF IRISH HERO OVERCOME IN CHURCH

Miss Kiernan, Sobbing Aloud, Leaves Cathedral Before Rites End.

By DANIEL O'CONNELL, International News Service.

DUBLIN, Aug. 28.—Michael Collins, late commander-in-chief of the Free State army, was buried in Glasnevin cemetery today alongside other noted Irish patriots, while all Ireland mourned. The funeral was one of the largest and most impressive in the history of Ireland.

The great pro-Cathedral was crowded with mourners from all parts of Ireland as Archbishop Byrne pronounced the requiem mass.

Lloyd George Not There.

Premier Lloyd George was represented at the Cathedral and at the cemetery by Lionel Curtis, of the Colonial Office.

Fighting, precipitated by irregulars, threatened to mar the funeral services. At daybreak a party of irregulars made an attack near the pro-Cathedral, but were driven off after a brisk exchange of shots.

Miss Kitty Kiernan, Collins' fiancée, was overcome completely by her grief at the funeral. Sobbing hysterically, she left the Cathedral before the service ended.

Business in Dublin and throughout the greater part of the Free State was at a standstill during the day. Masses for the repose of the soul of the late patriot were said in many Catholic churches, and practically all the important Free State cities were in deep mourning.

Long before 11 o'clock, the hour set for the requiem mass in the pro-Cathedral in Dublin, large crowds, representing every walk of life, were thronging the streets about the edifice.

Inside the church was draped with purple and black. The catafalque, before the altar, was banked high with flowers. Close by the coffin, a brother and sister of the deceased, accompanied by Miss Catherine Keirnan, his fiancée, knelt in prayer. Behind the family group were members of the cabinet, officials of the Daily Express, army officers and members of the various municipal governments and civic organizations.

To the left of the Irish officials sat a group of British officials in uniform, symbolic of the mourning of Britain for the famous Irish soldier. The consuls of the various nations sat with the British. The black mourning attire of the civilians was relieved by the green uniforms of Free State army officers. The robes of officials of the Dublin corporation and Dublin University.

Commoners Prevail.
On account of the vastness of the crowd, admission to the church was by ticket, but as Collins himself had come from the plain people, the tickets had been liberally distributed among the commoners. All the while the services were under way, crowds of women and bareheaded men knelt in the streets outside murmuring prayers.

A procession of priests, acolytes, and choristers, chanting the Miserere, opened the service, moving slowly about the catafalque. Then the archbishop, robed in black, gold and purple, chanted the requiem mass. Throughout the ceremonies six officers from the Dublin guards stood guard by the coffin.

After falling in battle, Collins, with his dying strength, had whispered the request that he be buried by the Dublin guards.

Following the conclusion of the church services, the body was borne from the pro-Cathedral upon the shoulders of half a dozen stalwart guardsmen. The coffin was draped with the Irish tri-color, Collins' sword rested on top. The body was placed upon a gun carriage, drawn by six cavalry horses, and the procession moved through the crowded streets amid continuous lamentations of grief.

Kneeling men and women uttered prayers and crossed themselves, manifesting their devotion and sorrow with tears, as the procession slowly passed, led by a troop of cavalry. Poor people, who had used

The Stranger

By JOHN GOODWIN.

Begins today on the magazine page.

Here is a tale that exhausts the gamut of human emotions and leaps from situation to situation with a speed and ingenuity that outstrips anything that has been achieved in the domain of imaginative writing in fifty years.

The Stranger touches every phase of human glory and human degradation. It has mystery, lure, intrigue, the clash of justice at grips with infamy, the machinations of master rascality, the love of fair women and brave men. To read the first line of The Stranger is to commit yourself to following its every development to its stupendous end. Begin it today.